Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,
Emong the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor *Pan* to herye, nor with loue to playe:
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yerely task:
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his ynne in *Fishes* hask.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth ask:
And loatheth like delightes, as thou doest prayse:
The morneful Muse in myrth now list ne mask,
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues like Poetes prayse?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee:
And I vnfitte to thrust in strife full thronge,
Should *Colin* make iudge of my fooleree.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindlye dewedrops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene:

The

The kayrest May she was that euer
Her like shee has not left behinde
And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull
I shall thee giue yond Cosset for th
And if thy rymes as rownd and ruf
As those that did thy *Rosalind* com
Much greater gyfts for guerdon th
Then Kidde or Cosset, which I th
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepehea
Let not my small demaund be so co

Colin.

Thenot to that I choose, thou doest
But ah to well I wote my humble
And howe my rymes bene rugged
Yet as I conne, my conning I wil

VP then *Melpomene* thou mou
Such cause of mourning neue
Vp grisllie ghostes and vp my ru
Matter of myrth now shalt thou h
For dead shee is, that myrth thee
Dido my deare alas is dead,
Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be poured o
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks
Waile ye this wofull waste of na
Waile we the wight, whose presen
Waile we the wight, whose absen
The sonne of all the world is dimm
The earth now lacks her wont
And all we dwell in deadly nig
O heauie herse.
Breake we our pypes, that shrild
O carefull verse.